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POEMS IN HONOR OF FRANCIS BACON

A TRANSLATION OF THIRTY-TWO LATIN POEMS IN HONOR OF FRANCIS BACON

PUBLISHED BY RAWLEY IN 1626

BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1904

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THE following translation of the Rawley-Bacon poems is from the text in *Harleian Miscellany*, x, pp. 287 ff., London, 1813, a reprint of the *editio princeps* by John Haviland, London, 1626.

Attention has also been paid to an article by H. Meurer, *Textkritik und Beiträge zur Erklärung von "Die Rawley'sche Sammlung von 32 Trauergedichten auf Francis Bacon, herausgegeben von George Cantor, Halle, 1897,"* in *Anglia* 24 (1901) pp. 100 ff. In this article Meurer offers a criticism of Cantor's text, which was taken from the *Harleian Miscellany* (=A), with comparison of the edition of Bacon by John Blackbourne, London, 1730 (=B), and gives for various passages the readings of the original Haviland edition, besides those of A. and B. He incorporates also (p. 112) the criticisms in a review of Cantor's edition by Hermann Hagen in *Lit. Centralblatt*, 1897, p. 1530.

Of no significance for the text is the edition, with introduction, by Edwin Bormann: *Der historische Beweis der Bacon-Shakespeare-Theorie erbracht durch das Zeugniss von siebenundzwanzig Zeitgenossen des Dichter-Gelehrten*, Leipzig, 1897.

The most convenient and least expensive recent edition is that of Cantor referred to above, as corrected by Hagen and Meurer, — G. Cantor: *Die Rawley'sche Sammlung von zweiunddreissig Trauergedichten auf Francis Bacon, ein Zeugniss zu Gunsten der Bacon-Shakespeare-Theorie*, Halle, 1897. The same author had previously published a translation of the thirty-second poem in his *Resurrectio Divi Quirini Francisci Baconi*, Halle, 1896.

E. K. Rand.

Harvard University, 1903.

MANES VERULAMIANI

Memoriae Honoratissimi Domini Francisci,
Baronis De Verulamio, Vice-Comitis Sancti
Albani, Sacrum.

Londini In Officina Johannis Haviland, 1626.

[Harl. Misc. x, p. 287.]

Sacred to the Memory of the Most Honorable Sir,

Francis Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.

London, at the press of John Haviland, 1626.

Franciscus Bacon Baro De Verulam Ste Alb.^ni Vic.^mes
Seu Notioribus Titulis
Scientiarum Lumen, Facundiæ Lex
Sic Sedebat.

Qui Postquam Omnia Naturalis Sapientiæ
Et Civilis Arcana Evolvisset
Naturæ Decretum Explevit
Composita Solvantur
An.° Dn̄i MDC. XXVI.
Aetat.^s LXVI.
Tanti Viri
mem.
Thomas Meautys
Superstitis Cultor
Defuncti Admirator
H. P.

[1] *Francis Bacon Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban,*
Or by titles still better known,
The Light of the Sciences, the Norm of Eloquence.
Thus took his rest.

He, after that he had unfolded all the secrets
Of natural and civic lore,[2]
Fulfilled the decree of Nature
(Let his frame now dissolve) [3]
In the year of our Lord MDCXXVI.
At the age of LXVI.
To the Memory
Of so great a Man
Thomas Meautys
Friend of the Living
Admirer of the Dead
Has set this Monument.

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[1] Translation of the inscription on the marble erected by Sir Thomas Meautys in the chapel of St. Michel's Church, Old Verulam.

[2] i. e. of philosophy and jurisprudence.

[3] *composita solvantur. Composita*, 'his united, ordered parts,' i. e. 'his frame.' Or (cf. Horace's *omnes composui*, *Sat.* i. 9, 28) 'his buried remains.' Possibly *solvantur*='be released,' i. e. at the resurrection.

Lectori S.

Quod præcipium sibi duxit honoratissimus Dominus meus, Vice-Comes Sancti Albani, academiis et viris literatioribus ut cordi esset, id (credo) obtinuit; quandoquidem insignia hæc amoris et mœstitiæ monumenta indicant, quantum amissio ejus eorundem cordi doleat. Neque verò parcâ manu symbolum hoc conjecerunt in eum musæ; (plurimos enim, eosque optimos versus apud me contineo;) sed quia ipse mole non delectabatur, molem haud magnam extrusi. Satis etiam sit, ista veluti fundamenta, præsentis sæculi nomine, jecisse; fabricam (puto) hanc exornabit et amplificabit unumquodque sæculum; cuinam autem sæculo ultimam manum imponere datum sit, id Deo tantùm et fatis manifestum.

G. Rawley, S. T. D.

To the Reader.

That which my most honored Master, the Viscount St. Alban, thought of the highest concern, namely to win the favor of Academies and Men of Letters, this, methinks, he has obtained. For the present illustrious memorials of love and grief indicate how great a sorrow his loss has brought to the hearts of such. No, verily, the Muses have not thrown to him[1] this contribution[2] with sparing hand — for very many verses, and those most excellent ones, I keep in my possession.[3] But as he himself delighted not in piles of things, no great pile have I raised. Be this, moreover, enough, to have laid, as it were, the foundations, in the name of the present age. Every age, methinks, will adorn and amplify this structure: though to what age it is vouchsafed to set the finishing hand — this is known only to God and to the Fates.

G. Rawley, S. T. D.

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[1] *conjecerunt in eum:* probably the idea is, 'heaped upon his grave.' See Meurer, p. 108.

[2] *symbolum:* probably, as Meurer shows (p. 108), with the meaning of *symbola, ae,* 'a scot, or contribution to a feast.' It is a kind of symposium. Or, the word may have its ordinary meaning of 'token.' It has no arcane connotation, such as Bormann (p. 10) reads into it.

[3] A consolation for those contributors whose verses were too bad to publish.

I

Deploratio Obitûs omnia doctissimi et clarissimi Viri D. Francisci Bacon S. Albanensis.

Albani plorate lares, tuque optime martyr,
Fata *Verulamii* non temeranda senis.
Optime martyr et in veteres i tu quoque luctus,
Cui nil post dirum tristius *amphibalum*.

I

Lament for the Death of the all-learned and eminent Man, Sir[1] *Francis Bacon of St. Alban.*

Mourn, ye Alban Lares, and thou good Martyr,[2] the hallowed demise[3] of the old man of Verulam. Aye, good Martyr, raise thou too the old lament, to whom nothing has been sadder, next to thy dire cloak.[4]

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[1] I take *Dominus* here and in most of the headings to denote the title 'Sir' given to a B. A. of Cambridge. (See Cent. Dict. s. v. *dominus* and *sir*.) This whole collection of poems is a kind of bouquet from Cambridge, especially Trinity College, from which Bacon was graduated. 'Lord' however, is a possible translation, as Bacon was Lord Chancellor. Or, again, the *Sir* may refer to his knighthood.

[2] St. Alban, protomartyr of England.

[3] *fata non temeranda*, lit. 'the fate which none may desecrate.' *Fatum* has its ordinary meaning, yet appears also to connote *sepulcrum*, the tomb, its outer sign. The phrase is practically equivalent to *cineres sacros* in Poem 4, near end.

[4] Alban exchanged his cloak with that of a fugitive Christian, who thus escaped his pursuers, whereas Alban was martyred by them. The story is told by Gildas and Bede. See Baring Gould, *Lives of the Saints*, June 22.

II

Baconi Opera literaria vocantur ad Rogum.

Instauratio magna; dicta acutè;
Augmentum geminum scientiarum,
Et scriptum patriè et dein Latinè
Auctu multiplici, profunda vitæ
Mortisque historia, ut lita anne lota
Rivo nectaris Atticive mellis!
Henricus neque septimus tacetor;
Et quicquid venerum politiorum, et
Si quid præterii inscius libellûm
Quos magni peperit vigor Baconi.
Plus novem edecumata musa musis,
Omnes funebribus subite flammis,
Et lucem date liquidam parenti.
Non sunt sæcula digna quae fruantur
Vobis, ah Domino (ah nefas) perempto.

S. Collins, R. C. P.

II

The Literary Works of Bacon are called to the Pyre.

Instauratio Magna;[1] subtle sayings;[2] a twofold increase of the sciences, written both in thy country's speech and then in Latin with multifold enlargement;[3] profound history of life and death,[4] anointed as it were, or rather bathed, with stream of nectar or with Attic honey! Nor must the seventh Henry[5] fail of mention, or if aught there be of more cultured loves,[6] aught that I unwitting have passed over of the works which the vigor of great Bacon hath produced[7] — a Muse more choice than the nine Muses. Ascend ye [Muses] all, the funeral flames and give to your parent[8] liquid light. The ages are not worthy to enjoy you, when alas, (oh monstrous shame!) your Lord is taken away.

S. Collins, R. C. P.
(Rector of King's College, Cambridge.)

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[1] Alluding to Bacon's work of this name.
[2] The Apothegms (?).
[3] The *Advancement of Learning*, in its twofold edition (English and Latin).
[4] The *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*.
[5] The *History of Henry VII*.
[6] i. e. stories of love more spiritually interpreted, as in *de principiis atque originibus secundum Fabulas Cupidinis et Caeli* (?). Cf. also the general method of *de Sapientia veterum*.
[7] Punctuate: *Baconi, — Musis*.
[8] i. e. Bacon. The above lines suggest the conception of the Muses and of Philosophy in Boethius, *Consolatio Philosophiæ*.

III

In Obitum incomparabilis Francisci, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii.

Dum longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens fatum, jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis.
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

GEORGIUS HERBERT.

III

On the Death of the Incomparable Francis, Viscount St. Alban, Baron Verulam.[1]

The while thou didst groan beneath the burden of a long and lingering malady, and pining life halted with uncertain foot, what did wise fate intend?[2] I now at last can see. Only in April, surely, couldst thou die, that here the flower with its tears, there Philomel[3] with her laments, may follow only thy tongue's funeral-train.[4]

GEORGE HERBERT.

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[1] This poem is translated into German by G. Cantor. Op. cit., p. xv.

[2] Punctuate: *pede* . . . *fatum*? Jam . . .

[3] the nightingale.

[4] i. e. may devote all their laments to you.

IV

In Obitum honoratissimi Viri ac Domini, D. Francisci de Verulamio, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, nuperi Angliæ Cancellarii.

Adhuc superbis insolente purpurâ
Feretri rapinis inclytos in tot viros
Sterile tribunal? cilicio dicas diem,
Saccumque totam facito luxuriem fori.
A Themide libra nec geratur pensilis,
Sed urna, prægravis urna VERULAMII.
Expendat. Eheu! *Ephorus* haud lancem premit,
Sed *Areopagus;* nec minor tantus sophos,
Quam porticus bracchata. Nam vester scholæ,
Gemiscit axis, tanta dum moles ruit.
Orbis soluta cardo litterarii,
Ubi studio coluit togam et trabeam pari.
Qualis per umbras ditis *Euridice* vagans

IV

On the Death of the most honored Man and Lord,[1] *Sir*[2] *Francis of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban, late Chancellor of England.*[3]

Art thou still proud in insolent purple when the bier has robbed so many famed men,[4] thou barren court? Thou shouldst give the day to haircloth and make to sackcloth all the pomp of the bar. Nor let Themis bear the hanging scales, but the urn, the weighty urn of Verulam. Then let her weigh.[5] Alas, not Ephorus tips the beam, but Areopagus. Nor is so great a sage less than the barbarian porch;[6] for your axis groaned, ye schools, when fell so great a pile; the very vault[7] of the world of letters was dissolved, wherein, with equal zest, he graced the civic and the royal robe.[8] Even as Eurydice, wandering through shades of Dis,

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[1] *domini*, in a general sense: something like 'gentleman.'

[2] *domini*, in the sense noted on p. 4, n. 1.

[3] The writer of this poem is an admirer of Juvenal, and catches at least the difficulties of that author's style.

[4] lit. 'at the bier's plundering against so many famed men.'

[5] cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 147.

[6] *Porticus brac(c)ata* (*bracchata* is a misprint) denotes the scholastic philosophy, for which 'barbarian porch' is an apt designation. Meurer, p. 101, with less point adopts a contemporary sense of *braccatus*, sleeved.

[7] *cardo*, V. Harper's Lex. 1 B 2; the phrase then means, continuing the astronomical figure in *axis*, 'the whole heavens fell in.' Meurer, however, p. 109, restricting the meanings of both *cardo* and *orbis litterarii*, may be right in rendering 'eurer *litterarischer* Kreis geht aus den Angeln' ('Your literary circle goes off the hooks'). To Bormann, p. 15, *cardo* = *Theaterdrehmaschine*.

[8] *togam et trabeam*, i. e. civil law and the history of princes (Henry VII.). Or it may refer to the lower and higher parts of philosophy, the practical and the speculative. Meurer, p. 109, translates 'Richter und Rittertracht' ('robe of judge and of knight').

Palpare gestiit *Orpheum*, quali *Orpheus*,
Saliente tandem (vix prius crispâ) Styge,
Alite fibras lyræ titillarit manu;
Talis plicata philologωn aenigmatis
Petiit BACONUM vindicem, tali manu
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia:
Humique soccis repitantem comicis
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine
Sarsit, sed instaurarit. Hinc politiùs
Surgit cothurno celsiore, et *organo*
Stagirita virbius reviviscit *novo*.
CALPEN superbo *Abylamque* vincit remige
Phoebi Columbus, artibus novis novum
Daturus orbem; promovet conamina
Juvenilis ardor, usque ad invidiam trucem
Fati minacis. Quis senex vel *Hannibal*,
Oculi superstitis timens caliginem,
Signis suburram ventilat victricibus?
Quis *Milo* multus quercubus bilem movet,
Senecta tauro gibba cùm gravior premit?

longed to caress her Orpheus, and even as with winged hand — the while Styx leaped at last, scarce ruffled before — he strummed [1] the fibres of his lyre, so did Philosophy, involved in scholars' [2] riddles, call Bacon to her rescue; so by his touch entranced,[3] she reared her crest: and as she crept along the ground in comic sock, he did not succor [4] her with some device [5] that gossips would approve,[6] but made her wholly new. Then with more polished art, he rose in higher buskin, and the Stagerite, another Virbius,[7] lives again in a new *Organon*. Columbus leaves Calpe and Abyla [8] behind, with the proud oarage of Phoebus, destined by new arts to give man a new world; his youthful ardor advances his emprise even to the ruthless envy of a threatening fate. What old man, or what Hannibal, in fear of darkness for his only eye, fans the Suburra with his victorious standards? [9] What Milo strong raises the wrath [10] of oaks, when old age, weight heavier than a bull [11] presses him down? The while our hero bestowed

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[1] lit. 'tickled' — an exaggeration characteristic of this writer.

[2] *philologœn:* the schoolmen, 'lovers of words,' a phrase in the spirit of Mephistopheles' "*im Ganzen — haltet Euch an Worte,*" etc.

[3] *lactata*, gen. 'cajoled,' but here in a good sense.

[4] lit. 'patch.'

[5] lit. 'undertaking.'

[6] i. e. he resorted to no half way, dilettante measures.

[7] Hippolytus was raised from the dead and under the name of Virbius lived another life. Thus Bacon is an *Aristoteles redivivus*.

[8] The two pillars of Hercules.

[9] Illustration and phrasing from Juvenal. *Sat.* x. 156 f. *Ventilat*, 'fans' (i. e. 'stirs'), is an example of the exaggeration of the writer's style, which out-Juvenals Juvenal.

[10] *bilem*, 'spleen' — more tasteless imagery. The allusion is to Milo's tragic end.

[11] Alludes to the story of Milo's carrying a heifer on his shoulders at the Stadium of Olympia — an achievement of his youth.

Dum noster heros traderet scientias
Æternitati, prorsus expeditior
Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex.
Placida videtur ecstasis speculatio,
Quâ mens tueri volucris idæas boni
In lacteos properat *Olympi* tramites.
His immoratur sedibus domestica,
Peregrina propriis. Redit. Joculariter
Fugax; vagatur rursus, et rursus redit.
Furtiva tandem seriò, se substrahit
Totam; gementi, morbido cadaveri
Sic desuescit anima, sic jubet mori.
Agite lugubres musæ, et à Libani jugis
Cumulate thura. Sydus in pyram illius
Scintillet omne; scelus sit accendi rogum
Regum *Prometheo* culinari foco.
Et si qua fortè ludat in cineres sacros
Aura petulantior, fugamque suadeat,
Tunc flete; lachrymis in amplexus ruent
Globuli sequaces. Denuò fundamine
Ergastuli everso radicitùs tui
Evehere fœlix anima, *Jacobum* pete,
Ostende, et illûc civicam fidem sequi.
E tripode juris, dictites oracula
Themidos alumnis. Sic (beati cœlites)
Astræa pristino fruatur vindice,
Vel cum Bacono rursus *Astræam* date.

R. P.

eternity upon the sciences, he was found, in truth, a readier artist of his own sepulchre.[1] Calm speculation seemeth extasy, where-by the winged mind, to gaze on the Ideas of Good, hastens to Olympus' milky paths. In these abodes[2] it tarrieth as its house, a stranger with its own. It comes again.[3] Playfully it flies away; again it wanders and again comes back; at last in earnest stealing away it utterly withdraws. Even so the soul quits the moaning, wasting corpse; so does it bid it die.[4]

Come then, ye Muses of Woe, and from the spurs of Libanus gather ye incense, let every star shower its sparks upon his pyre; be it a crime to light the pile of kings with flame of Prometheus from a kitchen hearth. And if perchance some breeze more wanton should play about his hallowed ashes and scatter them flying, then weep ye; your tears will flow in sequent globules to mutual embrace.[5] Since then, the fundament of thy prison house is shattered utterly a second time, rise, happy soul, seek JAMES;[6] show him that civic fidelity followeth even there. From the law's tripod thou shalt utter oracles for Themis' fosterlings. Thus, ye blest Heavenly Ones, may Astraea take pleasure in her ancient champion; or else, give ye Astraea back with Bacon. R. P.

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[1] i. e. the old man of Verulam performed a task that called for the strength of a young hero (hence the point of the preceding illustration). Bacon's great monument that he was rearing turned out to be his tomb.

[2] i. e. on earth.

[3] i. e. to its heavenly home.

[4] Reason has appeared once or twice on earth in the person of Aristotle and other Sages; now at the demise of Bacon, its last incarnation, it leaves for good and all.

[5] i. e. will chase each other down your cheeks.

[6] James I. died 1625, the year before.

V

Memoriæ Meritisque honoratissimi D. Francisci D. Verulamii, Vice-Comitis, Sancti-Albani.

Lugete fletu turbulenta flumina,
Sub calce nata *Pegasi*,
Rivoque nigrum vix trahente pulverem
Limo profana currite.
Viridisque *Daphnes* decidens ramis honos
Arescat infœlicibus.
Quorsum *Camœnæ* laureas inutiles
Mœsti colatis hortuli?
Quin vos severis stipitem bipennibus
Vanæ secatis arboris!
Vivos reliquit, cui solebat unico
Coronam ferre lauream,
Divùm potitus arce *Verulamius*
Coronâ fulget aureâ:
Supra cœli terminos sedens amat
Stellas videre cernuus:
Sophiam qui sede cælitum reconditam
Invidit immortalibus,
Aggressus orbi redditam cultu novo
Mortalibus reducere:
Quo nemo terras incolens majoribus
Donis pollebat ingeni:
Nec ullus æquè gnavitèr superstitum
Themin maritat *Palladi*.
Adductus istis, dum vigebat, artibus
Aonidum sacer chorus,
In laude totam fudit eloquentiam,
Nihil reliquit fletibus.

Posui WILHELMUS BOSWELL.

V

To the Memory and the Merits of the Most Honored Sir,[1] *Francis, Lord*[2] *of Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.*

Mourn ye streams, with weeping troubled, ye that were born beneath the heel of Pegasus, and as your current can scarce draw the black dust, run ye with mud profaned. And let Daphne's verdant glory[3] droop and wither on leafless boughs. To what end Muses, would ye rear the useless laurels of a garden sad? Nay, rather, with the ruthless axe cut the stalk of the vain tree! He hath left the living for whom alone it was wont to bear a crown of bay: Verulam, gaining the citadel of the gods, shineth in crown of gold, and[4] sitting above the boundaries of the sky he loves to see the stars making obeisance. The wisdom treasured in the Heavenly One's abode, he begrudged the immortals, essaying to bring it back to mortals, restored for the world's new adoration.[5] No dweller of earth abounds in greater gifts of genius than he; nor does any of surviving men with equal skill wed Themis to Pallas. Moved by such talents, while yet he flourished, the sacred choir of Aonids[6] poured all their eloquence in his praise, and nought hath left for tears.

By William Boswell.

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[1] *Domini* = Cambridge B. A.
[2] *Domini* = Lord of the Manor (?) V. Cent. Dict. S. V.
[3] i. e. the laurel.
[4] Read *supraque* with Hagen and Meurer.
[5] i. e. he restores a long lost cult, as it were, — the love of wisdom.
[6] i. e. the Muses.

VI

In Obitum honoratissimi Domini Francisci Baconi, magni nuper totius Angliæ Cancellarii, &c.

Audax exemplum quò mens humana feratur
Et sæcli vindex ingeniose tui,
Dum senio macras recoquis fœliciter artes,
Subtrahis et prisco libera colla jugo,
Quo deflenda modo veniunt tua funera? quales
Exposcunt lacrymas, quid sibi fata volunt?
An timuit natura parens ne nuda jaceret,
Detraxit vestem dum tua dextra sacram?
Ignotique oculis rerum patuere recessus,
Fugit et aspectum rimula nulla tuum?
An verò, antiquis olim data sponsa maritis,
Conjugis amplexum respuit illa novi?
An tandèm, damnosa piis atque invida cæptis,
Correpuit vitæ fila (trahenda) tuæ?
Sic ultra vitreum *Siculus*[1] ne pergeret orbem
Privati cecidit militis ense senex.
Tuque tuos manes ideò (FRANCISCE) tulisti,
Ne non tentandum perficeretur opus.

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[1] Archimedes.

VI

On the Death of the Most Honored Sir[1] *Francis Bacon, of late High*[1] *Chancellor of England, &c.*

Thou bold exemplar of how far the human mind may rise; thou talented deliverer of thine age; the while thou dost happily repair the meagre arts and ease free[2] necks of their ancient yoke, how shall thy funeral be mourned, that now comes on? What tears do thy fates demand, what mean they? Did Parent Nature fear lest she lie naked while thy hand stripped her sacred robe? Were the world's hidden corners bared to thine eyes, and did no cranny escape thy gaze? Or, can it be, did she who was betrothed to ancient lords, spurn the embraces of her newest spouse? Or, in fine, ruinous to the good and envious of endeavor,[3] did she snap thy life's threads, which rather should have been prolonged? Thus, that the Sicilian old man[4] might not soar beyond the crystal sphere,[5] he fell by a private's sword. Thou, too, Francis, hast for this received thy fate, that the forbidden task should not be finished.

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[1] Perhaps *domini* here = 'Lord,' as the office of Chancellor is mentioned. Or should *Magni* be rendered not 'High' but 'Lord'?

[2] Prolepsis, common in Latin poetry; i. e. 'ease and set free.'

[3] Read *coeptis* as in B., not *cœptis*.

[4] i. e. Archimedes.

[5] In the sense of Lucretius's *flammantia moenia mundi* (i. 73). He was not to pursue his investigations too far into the divine.

VII

In Eundem.

Sunt qui defuncti vivant in marmore, et ævum
  Annosis credant postibus omne suum;
Ære micant alii, aut fulvo spectantur in auro,
  Et dum se ludunt, ludere fata putant.
Altera pars hominum, numerosâ prole superstes,
  Cum *Niobe* magnos temnit iniqua deos:
At tua cælatis hæret nec fama columnis,
  Nec tumulo legitur, *Siste viator iter:*
Siqua patrem proles referat non corporis illa est,
  Sed quasi de cerebro nata *Minerva Jovis:*
Prima tibi virtus monumenta perennia præstat,
  Altera, nec citiùs corruitura, libri:
Tertia nobilitas; ducant jam fata triumphos,
  Quæ (Francisce) tui nil nisi corpus habent.
Utraque pars melior, mens et bona fama supersunt
  Non tanti ut redimas vile cadaver habes.

T. Vincent, T. C.

VII

On the Same.

Some there are who, dead, would live in marble, and entrust their immortality to aged pillars; Some shine in bronze,[1] or glitter in yellow gold,[1] and while they cheat themselves, think that they cheat the fates. Another breed of humankind, surviving with numerous progeny, like Niobe unjustly scorns the great gods.[2] But thy renown neither clings to graven columns nor does thy tomb read,[3] "Traveler, stay thy course."[4] If any offspring should recall his parent, 't is not that of his body, but such as Minerva, sprung from the brain of Jove.[5] First thy virtue bestows on thee perennial monument: and second—not soon to perish—thy books: third, thy nobility. Now let the Fates hold triumph, who, Francis, have nothing of thee but thy body. Both thy better parts, thy mind and thy good fame survive: thou holdest it not dear to ransom the vile corpse.

T. Vincent, T. C.
(*i. e.* of Trinity College.)

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[1] i. e. have statues of bronze or gold erected to their memory.
[2] i. e. imagine they never shall die.
[3] Meurer, p. 103, would (inappropriately) change *legitur* to *tegitur*.
[4] i. e. bear some conventional eulogy. *Siste viator iter* is a frequent heading in epitaphs.
[5] i. e. his immortality is not to be transmitted through his descendants in the flesh: his *qualities* ensure his fame.

VIII

In Obitum nobilissimi Domini Francisci Baronis Verulamii, &c.

Visa mihi pridem nec in uno vivere posse
Tot bona sunt, unquam nec potuisse mori.

Queis, quasi syderibus cœlum, tua vita refulsit,
Et quæ sunt fatum cuncta secuta tuum;
Ingenium, et largo procurrens flumine lingua,
Philosophi pariter, juridicique decus.

Nunc video potuisse quidem; sed parcite amici,
Hic si non redeat, non reditura puto.

I. Vincent, T. C.

VIII

On the Death of the Most Noble Sir, Francis, Baron, Verulam &c.

Once did I deem neither that so many virtues could dwell in one man, nor that they would ever die: with the which thy life shone like the heaven with stars, and which have all followed thine own fate [1] — genius and eloquence flowing in generous stream, the glory of sage and of jurist too. I see now that this might have been — but friends, enough. If he shall not return, I think not that such traits will come again.

I. Vincent, T. C.
(*i. e.* of Trinity College.)

[1] i. e. departed with thee.

IX

In Obitum illustrissimi clarissimique Herois, Domini Francisci Baconi, Baronis de Verulamio, θρηνωδία.

Musæ fundite nunc aquas perennes
In threnos, lacrymasque *Apollo* fundat
Quas vel *Castalium* tenet fluentum:
Nam letho neque convenire tanto
Possint nænia parva, nec coronent
Immensa hæc modicæ sepulchra guttæ:
Nervus ingenii, medulla suadæ
Dicendique *Tagus*, reconditarum
Et gemma pretiosa literarum
Fatis concidit, (heu trium sororum
Dura stamina) nobilis BACONUS.
O quam te memorem BACONE summe
Nostro carmine! et illa gloriosa
Conctorum monumenta seculorum,
Excusa ingenio tuo, et *Minervâ!*
Quam doctis, eligantibus, profundis,
Instauratio magna, plena rebus!
Quanto lumine tineas sophorum
Dispellit veterum tenebricosas
Ex chao procreans novam σοφίαν:
Sic ipse Deus inditum sepulchro
Corpus restituet manu potenti;
Ergo non moreris (BACONE), nam te
A morte, et tenebris, et à sepulchro,
Instauratio magna vindicabit.

R. C., T. C.

IX

Threnody on the Death of the Most Illustrious and Most Eminent Hero, Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam.

Pour now ye Muses your perennial founts into a song of woe, and let Apollo shed in tears whatever even the stream of Castaly contains. For no humble dirge would befit so great a death, nor moderate drops crown this stupendous tomb. The Sinews of Wit, the Marrow of Persuasion, the Tagus[1] of Eloquence, the Precious Gem of Recondite Letters,[2] has fallen by the Fates (ah me, the three sisters' cruel threads!) — The noble Bacon, Ah how can I extol thee greatest Bacon, in my lay! or how those glorious monuments of all ages, chiselled by thy genius, by Minerva.[3] How full thy *Instauratio Magna* of matter learned, elegant, profound! With what light hath it dispelled the gloomy moths of ancient sages, creating new Wisdom out of Chaos! So God Himself with potent hand will restore the body consigned to the tomb.[4] Thus Bacon, thou shalt not die; for from death, from the shades, from the tomb, thy great *Instauration* shall deliver thee.[5]

R. C. T. C.
(*i. e.* OF TRINITY COLLEGE.)

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[1] i. e. golden stream.
[2] i. e. his philosophical works.
[3] or by thy genius and thy wit.
[4] i. e. as God vouchsafed a resurrection to the human body, so Bacon to the old philosophers.
[5] i. e. this great resurrection is token of thine own.

X

In Obitum honoratissimi Baronis Verulamiensis, &c.

En iterùm auditur (certè *instauratio* magna est!)
Stellatâ camerâ fulgidus ore BACON:
Nunc verè albatus, judex purissimus audit;
Cui stola (*Christe*) tuo sanguine tincta datur.
Integer ut fiat, priùs exuit ipse seipsum:
Terra, habeas corpus; (dixit,) et astra petit.
Sic, sic, *Astræam* sequitur praenobilis umbra,
Et *Verulam* verum nunc sine nube videt.

X

On the Death of the Most Honored Baron Verulam, &c.

Look ye! in sooth 't is a great instauration! Again is Bacon, with radiant face, heard in the chamber of the stars.[1] Now in real robe of white, the most pure judge is listening, to whom, oh Christ, a stole dipped in Thy blood is given. To make himself complete, he first did doff himself. "Earth, keep the body," quoth he, and hied him to the stars. Thus, doth the all-noble shade follow Astraea, and seeth now that very Verulam without a cloud.

[1] A most tasteless allusion to Bacon's triumphs in the Star Chamber.

XI

De Connubio Rosarum.

Septimus *Henricus* non ære et marmore vivit;
Vivit at in chartis (magne BACONE) tuis.
Junge duas (*Henrice*) rosas; dat mille BACONUS;
Quot verba in libro, tot reor esse rosas.

T. P.

XI

On the Marriage of the Roses.

The seventh Henry liveth not in bronze or marble, but he liveth, great Bacon in thy page.[1] Mate, Henry, thy roses twain: Bacon gives a thousand. As many the words in his book, so many the roses, I ween.

T. P.

[1] i. e. the *History of Henry VII.*

XII

In Obitum nobilissimi doctissimique Viri Dom. Fran. Bacon, Baronis Verulamiensis, &c.

Sic cadit *Aonii* rarissima gloria cœtûs?
Et placet *Aoniis* credere semen agris?
Fragantur calami, disrumpanturque libelli,
Hoc possint tetricæ si modo jure deæ.
Heu quæ lingua silet, quæ jam facundia cessat,
Quò fugit ingenii nectar et esca tui?
Quomodo musarum nobis contingit alumnis
Ut caderet nostri præses *Apollo* chori?
Si nil cura, fides, labor, aut vigilantia possint,
Sique feret rapidas, de tribus, una, manus;
Cur nos multa brevi nobis proponimus ævo?
Cur putri excutimus scripta sepulta situ?
Scilicet ut dignos aliorum à morte labores
Dum rapimus nos mors in sua jura trahat.
Quid tamen incassum nil proficientia fundo
Verba? quis optabit te reticente, loqui?
Nemo tuam spargat violis fragantibus urnam,
Nec tibi pyramidum mole sepulchra locet;
Nam tua conservant operosa volumina famam,
Hoc satis, haec prohibent te monumenta mori.

WILLIAMS.

XII

On the Death of the Most Noble and Most Learned Man, Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, &c.

Thus the rarest glory of the Aonian band is fallen! And would you consign the seed to the Aonian plain?[1] Let pens be broken and writings torn, if the stern goddesses may rightly do this. Ah me, what a tongue is silent, what eloquence now ceases! Whither is fled the nectar, the bread of thy wit? How doth it befall us, the Muses' fosterlings, that Apollo, the master of our choir should be stricken down? If care and fidelity, labor or vigilance can nought avail, if one of the Three shall swiftly interpose its hand,[2] why set we many aims for us in this brief span?[3] Why strike off works that are buried in rotting decay? In sooth, the while we snatch others' worthy toil from death, Death may hale us to his court. Yet why do I pour forth in vain these fruitless words? Who, when thou art silent shall desire to speak? Let no man heap thy urn with fragrant violets, nor set thy tomb in the pyramids' pile. For thy laborious volumes preserve thy fame. This is enough: these monuments forbid that thou shouldst die.

WILLIAMS.

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[1] i. e. cultivate the barren Muse.

[2] i. e. one of the three *Parcæ* stands ever ready to thwart man's undertaking.

[3] cf. Horace *C.* ii. 16, 17, *Quid brevi fortes iaculamur ævo multa?*

XIII

In Obitum honoratissimi Domini, D. Francisci Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Baronis Verulamii, Viri incomparabilis.

Parcite: noster amat facunda silentia luctus,
Postquam obiit solus dicere qui potuit:
Dicere, quæ stupeat procerum generosa corona,
Nexaque sollicitis soluere jura reis.
Vastum opus. At nostras etiam *Verulamius* artes
Instaurat veteres, condit et ille novas.
Non qua majores: penitos verum ille recessus
Naturæ, audaci provocat ingenio.
Ast ea, *siste gradum, serisque nepotibus, (inquit,)*
Linque quod inventum sæcla minora juvet.
Sit satis his sese quod nobilitata inventis,
Jactent ingenio tempora nostra tuo.
Est aliquid, quo mox ventura superbiet ætas;
Est soli notum quod decet esse mihi:
Sit tua laus, pulchros corpus duxisse per artus,
Integra cui nemo reddere membra queat:
Sic opus artificem infectum commendat Apellem,
Cum pingit reliquam nulla manus Venerem.
Dixit, et indulgens cæco natura furori,
Præsecuit vitæ filum operisque simul.
At tu, qui pendentem audes detexere telam,
Solus quem condant hæc monumenta scies.

H. T., Coll. Trin. Socius.

XIII

On the Death of the Most Honored Gentleman[1] *Sir*[1] *Francis, Viscount St. Alban, Baron Verulam, Incomparable Man.*

Desist: our grief loves eloquent silence now that he is dead who alone could speak — aye, speak things to amaze the circle of the well-born Eminent — and could loose the laws entwined about the anxious prisoner. A work immense. But, besides, Verulam restores our old arts, and himself founds new. Not so the ancients; for he with daring genius challenges the hidden nooks of Nature.

But she saith, "Stay thy steps, and leave to thy late grandsons some discovery, to gratify the younger age. Be it enough that our times, ennobled by these discoveries, boast of thy genius. Something there is which shall make proud the ages soon to come: something there is which it behooves me alone to know. Thine be the praise to have drawn the body with all its beauteous parts, whereto no man may restore entire members. Thus the unfinished work commends the artist Apelles, while no hand paints whate'er of Venus he has left to do."

So Nature spake, and giving way to her blind rage cut short the thread of life and of his work as well.

But you alone, who dare to finish the hanging warp, shall know what manner of man these monuments enshrine.[2]

H. T.
Fellow of Trinity College.

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[1] *Domini.*

[2] i. e. only a man who could complete Bacon's work could really appreciate him. *Condant* does not mean *verbergen* as Bormann imagines (p. 11), but (as often in classical Latin) merely 'preserve,' 'enshrine.'

XIV

In Obitum nobilissimi Viri, Francisci Domini Verulam, Vicecomites Sancti Albani.

Te tandem extincto secum mors læta triumphat
Atque ait; hoc majus sternere nil potui,
Hectora magnanimum solus laceravit *Achilles*,
Obrutus ac uno vulnere *Cæsar* obit:
Mille tibi morbos dederat mors, spicula mille,
Credibile est aliter te potuisse mori?

Tho. Rhodes, Col. Regal.

XIV

On the Death of the Most Noble Man Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.

At length at thy demise, gay Death holds triumph with himself and says: "Nothing greater than this man could I lay low." Achilles all alone mangled great hearted Hector, and Cæsar struck by one blow fell. To thee had Death given a thousand ills, and sent a thousand darts at thee. Can we believe that thou couldst else have died?

Thomas Rhodes,
of King's College, Cambridge.

XV

In clarissimi Viri Francisci Bacon, Baronis de Verulamio, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Memoriam.

Naturæ vires pandens, artisque labores,
Arte potens quondam studio indagavit anhelo
Anglus, *Rogerius Bacon*, celeberrimus olim:
Optica qui chymicis, physicisque mathemata jungens,
Perspectiva, suæ præclara molimina mentis,
Vivit in æternum præclaræ munere famæ.
Anglus et alter erat clarus *Bacon Joannes*,
Abdita Scripturæ reserans oracula Sacræ.
Stirps BACONIADUM quamvis generosa Britannis
Pignora plura dedit, longè celebrata per orbem;
FRANCISCUM tandem tulit hunc: generosior alter
Ingenio quisquamne fuit? majora capessens?
Ditior eloquio? compluraque mente revolvens?
Scripta docent; veterum queis hic monumenta sophorum
Censurâ castigat acri; exiguoque libello
Stupendos ausus docet *Instauratio magna*;
Ventorum Historiæ; *Vitæque et Mortis* imago.
Quis mage magnanimus naturam artesque retexens?
Singula quid memorem, quæ multa et clara supersunt?
Pars sepulta jacet; parti quoque visere lucem.
RAWLEYUS præstat FRANCISCO fidus *Achates*.

ROBERTUS ASHLEYUS, MEDIO-TEMPLARIUS.

XV

To the Memory of the Most Eminent Man, Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.

Revealing Nature's powers and the works of Art, potent himself in art, a man of England once [1] followed his quest in breathless zeal — Roger Bacon, in former times far famed. Who, uniting Optic Science with Chemical, with Physical, Perspective — these glorious emprises of the mind — liveth forever with the boon of glorious fame. Another man of England too attained renown — John Bacon, who unlocked the secret oracles of Sacred Scripture. Albeit the race of Bacon gave to the Britains many pledges, far famed in all the world, at last it bare our Francis. Whoe'er in genius was better born than he? What man of greater undertakings? Who with more wealth of eloquence? Who that revolved more thoughts in his mind? His writings show. In them with piercing judgement, he castigates the works of ancient Sages: in a little book, his great *Instauration* reveals its stupendous aims: The Histories of Winds, the Image of Life and Death. Who greater-souled than he unbarred Nature and the Arts? Why should I speak of each in turn, when many writings of great fame abound? A part of them lies buried;[2] that a part should see the light, Rawley, faithful Achates unto Francis, hath achieved.

ROBERT ASHLEY,
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

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[1] Like Lucretius' *primum Graius homo*, i. 66.
[2] i. e. still in the manuscript, unedited.

XVI

In Domini Francisci Baconi jam mortui Historiam Vitae et Mortis.

Historiæ scriptor *Vitæ Mortisque* Bacone,
Sera mori, ac semper vivere digne magis;
Cur adeo æternas præfers extincte tenebras,
Nosque haud victuros post te ita tecum aboles?

Nostrûm omnium *Historiam Vitæ Mortisque* (Bacone)
Scripsti; quæso tuam quis satis historiam
Vel vitæ, vel mortis, ïo? quin cedite *Graii*,
Cede *Maro Latiâ* primus in historiâ.

Optimus et fandi, et scribendi, et nomine quo non
Inclytus, eximius consilio atque scholâ;
Marte idem, si *Mars* artem pateretur, et omni
Excellens titulo semihomoque ac studio;
Temptor opum, atque aurum tenui dum posthabet auræ,
Terrea regna polo mutat, et astra solo.

XVI

On the History of Life and Death, by the late Sir Francis Bacon.

Thou writer of the history of life and death, Bacon, worthy late to die, aye, rather ever to live, why dost thou, extinct, so cherish the shades, and thus efface us with thyself, who shall not live after thee? Thou hast written, Bacon, the history of the life and death of us all. Prithee who shall write well the story either of thy life or death — ah who? Nay, yield, ye Greeks, yield Maro, first in Latin history.[1]

Most excellent in both the spoken and the written word, and faméd in whatever way,[2] great at counsel[3] and in the school;[4] excelling too in Mars, if Mars could suffer art,[5] and in every title, in every aim, more than a man.[6] Despiser of wealth, the while he rates gold lower than the unsubstantial breeze, he changes earthly realms for the sky, and the ground for the stars.

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[1] cf. Propertius, iii. 34, 65, *cedite Romani Scriptores cedite Graii.*

[2] The full construction would be, *non est nomen quo non inclytus erat.*

[3] Refers to his career as Privy Councillor, or to his statesmanship in general.

[4] Refers to his attainments in philosophy.

[5] Meurer's interpretation (p. 111), 'if Mars could suffer him *this* art,' seems pointless.

[6] A queer use of *semihomo.* In classical Latin it means 'half-beast,' not 'half-god.'

XVII

In eundem Virum Eloquentissimum.

Viderit Utilitas, moniti meliora, sed adde
Ex *Ithacâ*, fandi fictor, et omne tenes.

E. F., Regal.

XVII

On the same most Eloquent Man.

Let Utility look on him,[1] oh ye of better learning,[2] but add a bit of Ithaca, thou forger of tales,[3] and then thou shalt have all.[4]

E. F. of King's College (Cambridge).

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[1] or 'take notice;' the idea is, let *utilitas* be reckoned as one of Bacon's characteristics.

[2] *moniti meliora*, i. e. *doctiores*, men of understanding.

[3] Ulysses is here addressed. *Fandi fictor* is applied to him in Virgil, Æn. ix. 602.

[4] i. e. with the capacity for useful learning, Bacon unites a sprightly imagination.

XVIII

In Obitum literatissimi juxta ac nobilissimi Viri Francisci Domini Verulam, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani.

Occidit ante diem musarum phosphorus! ipsa
Occidit ah *clarii* cura, dolorque Dei.

Deliciæ (natura) tuæ; mundique BACONUS:
Mortis (quod mirum est) ipsius ipse dolor.

Quid non crudelis voluit sibi parca licere?
Parcere mors vellet, noluit illa tamen.

Melpomene objurgans hoc nollet ferre; deditque
Insuper ad tetricas talia dicta deas.

Crudelis nunquam verè priùs *Atropos;* orbem
Totum habeas, *Phœbum* tu modo redde meum.

Hei mihi! nec cœlum, nec mors, nec musa (BACONE)
Obstabant fatis, nec mea vota tuis.

XVIII

On the Death of the Most Cultured, and, too, Most Noble Man, Francis Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.[1]

The Day star of the Muses hath fallen ere his time! Fallen ah me, is the very care and sorrow of the Clarian god,[2] thy darling, Nature, and the world's — Bacon: aye — passing strange — the grief of very Death. What privilege did not the cruel Destiny[3] claim? Death would fain spare, and yet she would it not. Melpomene, chiding, would not suffer it, and spake these words to the stern goddesses: "Never was Atropos truly heartless before now; keep thou all the world, only give my Phœbus back." Ah me, alas! nor Heaven nor Death nor the Muse, oh Bacon, nor my prayers could bar the fates.

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[1] Translated into German by Cantor, p. xv.

[2] Phœbus is meant.

[3] *Parca.*

XIX

In Obitum ejusdem.

Si repetes quantum mundo musisque (Bacone)
Donasti, vel si creditor esse velis;
Conturbabit amor, mundus, musæque, *Jovisque*
Arca, preces, cœlum, carmina, thura, dolor;
Quid possunt artes, quidve invidiosa vetustas?
Invidiam tandem desinat esse licet:
Sustineas fælix, maneasque (Bacone) necesse est,
Ah natura nihil, quod tibi solvat, habet.

XIX

On the Death of the Same.

If thou shalt review how much thou hast given to the world and to the Muses, Bacon; if thou shouldst care to be a creditor, then love, the world, the Muses, Jove's secrets, prayers, Heaven, songs, incense and grief will confound the score.[1] What can art avail, and what the envious age? It is vouchsafed at last that envy should cease to be.[2] So Bacon, thou must needs preserve thy state and keep thy happy lot.[3] Ah, Nature has naught to pay thee.

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[1] *Conturbabit* is not as Meurer says (p. 104) used for *conturbabitur*, but as in the sense of Catullus' *conturbabimus illa* (v. 11).

[2] Envy cannot hope to aspire to achievements like Bacon's.

[3] i. e. let things stand as they are — do not attempt such a reckoning.

XX

In Obitum ejusdem, &c.

Si nisi qui dignus, nemo tua fata (BACONE)
Fleret, erit nullus, credito nullus erit.

Plangite jam verè *Clio*, *Cliûsque* sorores,
Ah decima occubuit musa, decusque chori.

Ah nunquam verè infælix priùs ipsus *Apollo!*
Unde illi qui sic illum amet alter erit?

Ah numerum non est habiturus; jamque necesse est,
Contentus musis ut sit *Apollo* novem.

XX

On the Death of the Same, etc.

If only the worthy, Bacon, shall lament thy fate, ah none will do it, there 'll be none, believe me, there 'll be none.

Weep ye now truly, Clio, and Clio's sisters.[1] Ah, fallen is the tenth Muse, the glory of the choir. Ah never really was Apollo himself unhappy before! When shall he ever gain another so to love him? Ah me! the full number he shall have no more: now must Apollo be content with nine Muses.

[1] This poet seems to have been reading Ovid's *Art of Love*, i. 27, *Clio Cliusque sorores.*

XXI

Ad utrasque Academias Carmen Παραμυθητικόν.

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota sorores,
(Ah venit ante suum nostra querela diem!)
Non foret ambiguum nostri certamen amoris,
(Et pia nonnunquam lis in amore latet:)
Nos nostrum lacrymis, et te potiremur *Apollo*
Delicium patriæ (docte BACONE) tuæ,
Quid potuit natura magis, virtusque? dedisti
Perpetui fructum nominis inde tui.
Cum legerent nostri pars te prudentior æri,
Unum jurabant usque decere loqui.
Hunc nimiùm tetricæ nobis, vobisque negârunt
(Ah sibi quid nolunt sæpe licere) deæ.
Dignus erat cœlo, sed adhuc tellure morari,
Pro tali quæ sunt improba vota viro?
O fælix fatum! cum non sit culpa (BACONE)
Mortem, sed fælix gloria, flere tuam.
Sistite jam meritos fletus, gemitusque sorores;
Non potis est mæstos totus inire rogos.
Et noster, vesterque fuit: lis inde sequuta est,
Atque uter major sit dubitatur amor,
Communis dolor est, noster, vesterque: jacere
Uno non potuit tanta ruina loco.

GUILIEL. LOE, COLL. TRINIT.

XXI

A Song of Consolation[1] *to Both Academies.*

If my prayers, ye Sisters, had with yours availed (ah me, our plaint hath come before its time!), not vain would be the contest of our love (for oft in love resides the strife of emulous devotion): we should have gained our own by our tears, and thee as well, Apollo,[2] yes thee, learned Bacon, the darling of thy father-land. What could nature more, or virtue? Thou gavest thereby the meed of thine unending fame. When the wiser part of our age read thee, they swore that it befitted thee alone to speak for ever. Him[3] the too stern goddesses (ah me, what prerogative do they not claim at every turn!)[4] have denied to us and to you. Worthy he was of the sky, but what prayers for such a man, that he still should tarry upon earth, can be importunate? Oh happy fate! since 't is no blame, Bacon, but joyful eulogy to mourn thy death.[5] Stay now, ye sisters, your just plaints and sighs. He cannot all[6] ascend the melancholy bier. He was both ours and yours: a strife is thence arisen, and 't is in doubt which love the greater be. The grief is common, ours and yours: such ruin could not descend upon one place alone.

William Loe, of Trinity College.

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[1] Harleian Misc. has παραμυδιτικὸν; Blackbourne, παραμυδητικὸν.

[2] Bacon is identified with Apollo.

[3] Sudden shift of the pronoun; perhaps the poet now addresses the *pars prudentior* to whom he has just referred.

[4] *ah sibi quid nolunt sæpe licere*; cf. *quid non crudelis voluit sibi Parca licere*, Poem XVIII, 5 by the same author.

[5] It would be blameworthy to mourn the gods' dispensation in any other case, but here where Bacon is to reign exalted, sorrow turns to praise. Cf. Statius on Lucan's birthday, *Silv.* ii. 7, 135, *quidquid fleverat ante, nunc adoret.*

[6] Horace's *non omnis moriar.*

XXII

In Obitum illustrissimi Domini Verulamii, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani.

Dum scripturivit multùm *Verulamius* heros,
Imbuit et crebis sæcla voluminibus :
Viderat exultos mors dudum exosa libellos,
Scripta nec infælix tam numerosa tulit.
Odit enim ingenii monumenta perennia, quæque
Funeros spernunt æmula scripta rogos.
Ergo dum calamum libravit dextera, dumque
Lassavit teneras penna diserta manus ;
Nec tum finitam signârat pagina chartam
Ultima, cùm nigrum *Theta* coronis erat :
Attamen et vivent seros aditura nepotes,
Morte vel initâ, scripta (Bacone) tua.

Jacobus Duport, T. C.

XXII

On the Death of the Most Illustrious Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.

While the hero of Verulam desired much to write, and showered the age with frequent volumes, death long looked upon the careful books in hate, nor could that accursed one tolerate so many works. For he hated talent's enduring monuments, and the emulous writings that scorn funereal pyres. And yet, though thy fingers held the pen in poise,[1] and though the eloquent reed wearied thy feeble hand, though still unfinished was thy manuscript, which the last page had signed (since black *Theta*[2] was the flourish) yet shall thy writings, Bacon, live and reach thy descendants late in time, even in spite of death.

JAMES DUPORT, T. C.
(*i. e.* OF TRINITY COLLEGE.)

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[1] i. e. could write no more.

[2] The flourish after the last word was a *Theta* for θάνατος, 'death.'

XXIII

Ad Viatorem, Honoratissimi Domini, Francisci Domini Verulam, Monumentum inspicientem.

Marmore *Pieridum* gelido *Phœbique* choragum
Inclusumne putes, stulte viator? abi:
Fallere: jam rutilo *Verulamia* fulget Olympo:
Sidere splendet[1] Aper magne Jacobe tuo.

[1] V. Insignia gent. Bacon.

XXIII

To the Traveler who views the Monument of the Most Honored Sir, Francis, Lord Verulam.

Dost think, stupid traveler, that the choragus of Phœbus and the Muses' band is confined in this chill marble? Avaunt! Thou art deceived, Verulam[1] now shines in ruddy Olympus: the boar, great JAMES, now glittereth in thy sign.

[1] *Verulamia* may mean 'the sidereal Verulam' (the manor) or, understanding *stella*, 'the Verulamian star'; Bacon's soul possesses a star as that of Caesar and that of James did.

XXIV

In Obitum illustrissimi et spectatissimi tum à Literis tum à Prudentiâ et nativâ Nobilitate Viri, Domini Francisci Bacon, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, &c.

Non ego, non *Naso* si viveret ipse, litaret
Exequiis versu magne Bacone tuis.
Deducti veniunt versus à mente serenâ,
Nubila sunt fato pectora nostra tuo.
Replesti mundum scriptis, et sæcula famâ,
Ingredere in requiem, quando ita dulce, tuam.
Et tibi doctrinæ exaltatio scripta (Bacone)
Exaltat toto jam caput orbe tuum.
Curta cano, quin nulla magis; sin carmina vitæ.
Te reparare tuæ, quanta (Bacone) darem?

C. D. Regal.

XXIV

On the Death of the Man Most Illustrious and Eminent, both in Letters and in Sagacity and in Native Nobility, Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban.

Not I, no not Ovid, were he alive, could pay the tribute of his verse, great Bacon, to thine obsequies. Verse comes when drawn from a mind serene: our breast is clouded by thy fate. Thou hast filled the world with thy works and the ages with thy fame: enter then, since it is so sweet, into thy rest. Aye, the exaltation of learning,[1] written, Bacon, by thee, exalts now thine own head throughout the world. Short is my song; nay, it is nothing. But if songs could restore thee to life, ah Bacon, how many would I give!

C. D. of King's College (Cambridge).

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[1] Referring to the *Advancement of Learning*.

XXV

In Obitum honoratissimi Domini, Domini Francisci Baronis de Verulamio, Vicecomitis S. Albani.

Qui fuit legis moderator, illâ
Lege solutus, reus ipse mortis
Sistitur, nostram politeia turbat
Sic *Radamanthi.*

Qui *Novo* summum sophiæ magistrum
Organo tandem docuisset uti
Mortis antiquâ methodo coactus
Membra resolvit.

Quippe præmissis validè novicis
Parca conclusum voluit supremum
Huic diem, sensus ratione fatis
Insit iniquis.

Multa qui haud uno revelanda sêclo
Κρυπτὰ naturæ patefecit, ipse
Justa naturæ facili novercæ
Debita solvit.

Artium tandem meliore venâ
Occidit plenus, moriensque monstrat
Quam siet longa ars, brevis atque vita,
Fama perennis;

Qui fuit nostro rutilans in orbe
Lucifer, magnos et honoris egit
Circulos, transit, proprioque fulget
Fixus in orbe.

XXV

On the Death of the Most Honored Gentleman, Sir Francis, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban.

He that was governor of law, now from that law set free, himself is brought before death's bar; thus does the realm of Rhadamanthus confound our own. He that at last had taught the greatest master of wisdom[1] to use a New *Organon*, constrained by death's ancient mode, hath loosed his limbs. Verily Destiny, from most vicious premises, hath willed as the conclusion his last day, to show if sense or reason dwell in the unjust fates. He who disclosed many of Nature's hidden things, to be revealed to not one age alone, himself to Nature, kindly Stepdame, hath paid his bounden dues. At last then he is fallen, filled with art's richer vein, and dying shows how long is art, how fleeting life, and how undying fame. He who was the ruddy day star in our world and through the great orbits of honor drove, hath passed beyond and shineth fixed in his own sphere.

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[1] i. e. Aristotle.

XXVI

Carmen Sepulchrale.

Sub tumulo est corpus, (non debita præda sepulchri)
  Virtutum exterius nomina marmor habet;
Sic pia saxa loqui docuit vestigia figens
  Marmore in hoc virtus, ipsa datura fugam:
Nostra dabunt tumulumque æternum corda, loquantur
  Ut famam illius saxa hominesque simul.

HENR. FERNE, TRIN. COLL. SOC.

XXVI

Burial Hymn.

Under the mound is the body (the grave's unmerited prize ;) the title of his virtues the outer marble holds. Thus hath virtue, making its impress on this marble, taught the pious stones to speak, the while herself prepares for flight. And our hearts, too, will offer an eternal tomb, that stones and men alike may speak his fame.

HENRY FERNE (FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE).

XXVII

Ad statuam literatissimi verèque nobilissimi Viri Domini Francisci Bacon.

Octoginta negat qui te numerasse *Decembres*,
Frontem, non libros inspicit ille tuos:
Nam virtus si cana sanem, si serta *Minervæ*,
Reddant; vel natu *Nestore* major eras.
Quod si forma neget, *veterum sapientia* monstret;
Longævæ aetatis tessera certa tuæ.
Vivere namque diu cornicum condere lustra
Non est, sed vitâ posse priore frui.

G. Nash, Aul. Pem.

XXVII

On the Statue of the Most Lettered and Truly Noble Man, Sir Francis Bacon.

He that denies that thou hast numbered eighty Decembers, looks upon thy forehead, not upon thy books. For if hoary virtue, if Minerva's garlands can make old, then wast thou Nestor's elder. Yes, if thy features refuse, let the wisdom of the ancients show it — a certain token of thy lengthy life. For to live long is not to fulfil the luster's [1] of the crow, but to have power to enjoy past life.

G. Nash, Pembroke Hall (Cambridge.)

[1] Luster = literally a period of five years, i. e. ages.]

XXVIII

De Inundatione nuperâ Aquarum.

Solverat *Eridanus* tumidarum flumina aquarum:
  Solverat; et populis non levis horror erat:
Quippe gravis *Pyrrhæ* metuentes tempora cladis
  Credebant simili crescere flumen aquâ.
Ille dolor fuerat sævus, lachrymæque futuri
  Funeris, et justis dona paranda novis.
Scilicet et fluvios tua (vir celeberrime) tangunt
  Funera, nedum homines, mœstaque corda virum.

JAMES.

XXVIII

On the Recent Flood.

Eridanus had unbarred his swollen waters' streams. He had unbarred them: and to the nations, that was no slight alarm: fearing in sooth, the times of Pyrrha's fell disaster,[1] they thought the river grew with similar flood. That was but a savage sorrow, and tears for the coming death — an offering made ready for the newly sainted. In sooth, renowned man, thy fate moves streams to sorrow, not to speak of humankind and the sad hearts of men.

JAMES.

[1] cf. Horace, *Carm.* i. 2, 5.

XXIX

In Obitum honoratissimi Viri Francisci Bacon, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani, Baronis de Verulam, &c.

Ergo te quoque flemus? et æternare *Camœnas*
Qui poteras, poteras ipse (BACONE) mori?
Ergo nec æthereâ fruerere diùtius aurâ?
(Indigni scriptis *Ventus* et *Aura* tuis;)
Scilicet indomiti tandem vesania fati
Placari voluit nobiliore rogo:
Sævaque vulgares jam dedignata triumphos
Ostendit nimio plus licuisse sibi;
Unaque lux tanti nunc luctûs conscia, peste
Insolitâ quanti nec prior annus erat.

R. L.

XXIX

On the Death of the Most Honored Man Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban, Baron Verulam, etc.

Shall we then mourn for thee as well? Thou who couldst immortalize the Muses, couldst thou thyself, oh Bacon, die? Shalt thou then no more exult in the breezes of heaven? (Breezes and wind unworthy of thy writing!) [1] In sooth the rage of unconquered fate wished to be appeased at last by a more noble pyre, and fiercely spurning triumphs already commonplace showed all too well that this was in her power. Yes, this one day is conscious now of such a woe as the past year with its unwonted ruin was not.

R. L.

[1] Alludes to the *Historia Ventorum.*

XXX

In Obitum nobilissimi Viri, Francisci Baconis, olim Magni Sigilli Angliæ Custodis.

Quid? an apud deos coorta lis fuit?
An æmulum senex *Saturnus* filium
Jovem vocavit in jus, rursùs expetens
Regnum? sed illic advocatum non habens
Relinquit astra, pergens in terras iter,
Ubi citò invenit parem sibi virum,
BACONEM scilicet, quem falce demetens
Jus exequi coëgit inter angelos,
Et ipsum se *Jovemque* filium suum.
Quid? an prudentiâ BACONIS indigent
Dei? vel liquerit deos *Astræa?*
Ita est: abivit: ipsaque astra deserens,
Ministrabatur huic BACONI sedulè.
Saturnus ipse non felicioribus
Degebat ævum sæculis, quibus nomen
Vel aureum fuit, (sunt hæc poëtica)
Quàm judicante nos BACONE degimus:
Beatis ergo nobis numina invidentia,
Volebant gaudium hoc commune demere:
Abiit, abiit: sat hoc doloribus meis
Est protulisse: non dixi est mortuus:
Quid est opus jam vestimentis atris? en en
Arundo nostra tincturâ fluit nigrâ;
Camœnarumque fons siccum se fecerit,
In lacrymas minutas se dispertiens:
Frequentibusque nimbis *Aprilis* madet
Dolores innuens: quippè insolentiùs

XXX

On the Death of the Most Noble Man, Francis Bacon, sometime Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

What? Hath strife arisen among the gods? Hath then old Saturn called Jove, his emulous son, to court, suing again for his realm? But having no advocate there, he left the stars, winning his way to the earth, where speedily he found him a meet man, Bacon, in sooth, whom mowing with his scythe,[1] he forced to champion his suit before the angels, before his very self and Jove his son. What? Do gods need Bacon's skill? Or has Astraea left the gods? So it is: she went away, and leaving the very stars was sedulously ministering to Bacon here. Saturn himself in no more prosperous ages passed his time — those that were given the name of gold in poets' idle tales[2] — than we have spent when Bacon was our judge. Therefore the powers envying our bliss, wished to deprive us of this common joy. He has gone, he has gone, 'T is enough for my grief to have uttered this much: I said not, "He is dead." What need of black raiment is there any more? See, see, our reed flows with black tincture: the Muses' fountain will run dry, disporting in tiny tears, and April drips with many a cloud, thus intimating woe.

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[1] A tasteless confusion of Saturn's sickle with the scythe of Death.

[2] This is the connotation of *haec sunt poetica.*

Furit fraterna ventorum discordia:
Uterque scilicet gemens non desinit
Ab intùs altius suspirium trahens,
O omnibus bone, ut videntur omnia
Amâsse te virum, et dolere mortuum!

HENR. OCKLEY, C. TR.

Immoderately rude, I ween, rages the brotherly discord of the winds: each verily stays not its moans, drawing from within a deeper sigh. Oh thou good to all, how all things seem to have loved thee living and to mourn thee dead!

HENRY OCKLEY, OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

XXXI

In Languorum diuturnum, sed Mortem inopinatam, nobilissimi Domini sui, Vicecomitis Sancti Albani.

Mors priùs aggressa est, fuit inde repulsa; putabam.
Incepti et sceleris pœnituisse sui.
Callidus obsessas ut miles deserit urbes
Incautis posito quò ferat arma metu;
Mors pariter multum hunc vulnus defendere doctum,
Averso à musis lumine sæva ferit.
Quam cupiam lacrymis oculos absumere totos;
Nostra sed heu libris lumina servo suis.
Sic maculis chartam lugentum emittere cordi est;
Nil salis hic nisi quod lacryma salsa dedit.

Guil. Atkins,
dominationis suæ servus domesticus.

XXXI

On the Long Illness but Unexpected Death of the Most Noble Lord,[1] *Viscount St. Alban.*

Death first drew nigh, and then was driven hence. Methought he had repented of his errand and his crime. As the shrewd soldier deserts beleaguered towns, again to attack them when the unwary townsmen have discarded fear, Death in like manner, seeing him skilful to fend off the wound, struck cruelly when he had turned his eyes from the Muses. How would I fain waste my whole sight in tears: but, ah me, I guard my eyes for their own[2] books. Thus am I glad to send forth this page with mourning stains: no [Attic] salt is here, save what a salt tear gives.

WILLIAM ATKINS,
HOUSEHOLD SERVANT OF HIS LORDSHIP.

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[1] Or, 'of his (i. e. the writer's) most noble Master.'
[2] i. e. the books they so love — the works of Bacon.

XXXII

In Obitum Domini Francisci Baconi, Baronis de Verulamio et totius Angliae nuperi Cancellarii.

Dum moriens tantam nostris *Verulamius* heros
Tristitiam musis, luminaque uda facit:
Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,
Credimus et *Samium* desipuisse senem.
Scilicet hic miseris fœlix nequit esse *Camœnis*
Nec se quam musas plus amat iste suas.
At luctantem animam *Clotho* imperiosa coëgit.
Ad cœlum invitos traxit in astra pedes.
Ergone *Phœbeias* jacuisse putabimus artes?
Atque herbas *Clarii* nil valuisse dei?
Phœbus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes:
At *Phœbum* (ut metuit ne rex foret iste *Camœnis*)
Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
Huic dolor est; quod cum *Phœbe Verulamius* heros
Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
Vos tamen, ô, tantùm manes atque umbra, *Camœnæ*,
Et penè inferni pallida turba *Jovis*,
Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem:
Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit *Orpheus*,

XXXII

On the Death of Sir Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam and late Chancellor of all England." [1]

Since Verulam's hero, dying, hath brought to our Muses such sadness and wet eyes, we think, ah me, that no man can be happy after death; we think insensate the Samian old man.[2] He[3] verily cannot be happy when the Muses are abject, nor does he love himself more than his own Muses. But imperious Clotho forced his struggling soul to heaven, and dragged him with reluctant feet to the stars. Shall then we think that Phœbus' arts are fallen, that the herbs of the Clarian god[4] have lost their strength? Such power had Phœbus, nor did those herbs lack virtue; believe it, he kept his art, and they their potency. But know that Phœbus (as he feared that Bacon should be king among the Muses) refused to his rival his healing hand. Hence is this woe. For while Verulam's hero exceeded Phœbus in other arts, in this art[5] was he less. You though, oh ye Muses, were ghosts and shade, and now well-nigh the pallid troop of the infernal Jove,[6] if ye yet breathe, and have not mocked mine eyes (though I could not think that after him you could survive); if then some Orpheus shall bring you back from the dead, and you are not an

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[1] Translated into German by Cantor, p. x, also into English by the same writer in his *Resurrectio Divi Quirini.*

[2] i. e. Pythagoras, whose doctrines emphasized the belief in a blessed immortality.

[3] i. e. Bacon.

[4] i. e. Apollo, here in his character as god of healing.

[5] i. e. in the art of healing.

[6] i. e. after Bacon's death the Muses are in danger of being reduced to the ranks of the infernal deities.

Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam:
Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
Ex oculis vestris lacryma multa fluat.
En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco *Camœnas*
Et lacrymas, *Helicon* vix satis unus erit;
Deucalionœis et qui non mersus in undis
Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
Multa *Pierias* nutriit arte deas.
Vidit ut hic artes nullâ radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
Crescere *Pegaseas* docuit, velut hasta *Quirini*
Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat.
Ergo *Heliconiadas* docuit cum crescere divas,
Diminuent hujus secula nulla decus.
Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
Contemptum potuit, diva *Minerva*, tuum.
Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
Dispulit et nubes alter *Apollo* tuas.

Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulet;
Atque alias methodos sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit.
Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in æto
Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet;
Hi velut *Eoo* surgens de littore *Phœbus*,
Hic velut in media fulget *Apollo* die:
Hi veluti *Tiphys* tentârunt æquora primùm,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
Pleiadas hic *Hyadasque* atque omnia sydera noscens,
Syrtes, atque tuos, improba *Scylla*, canes;

image that deceives my sight,[1] learn ye now groans and songs of lamentation: let many a tear flow from your eyes. Look ye, how many have flowed! I recognize the very Muses and their tears: one Helicon will scarcely be enough. Parnassus,[2] too, that was not buried in Deucalion's waves — a thing of marvel — will hide within these waters. In sooth he has perished through whom ye live, he who hath fed the Pierian goddesses with rich art. When he saw the arts here held by no root and languishing like seeds scattered on top of the soil, he taught the Pegasean Maids[3] to grow even as the spear of Romulus grew and in short time was a bay. So since he taught the Heliconian goddesses to grow, no ages will lessen his renown. Nor could the fire of a well born breast, bear further, divine Minerva, men's neglect of thee. His heavenly reed[4] restored thy wonted honor; a second Apollo routed thy clouds. He routed the shadows, too: aye, those brought on by dusky old age and the blear senility of a former time. And other methods did his divine sagacity restore: he tore the Cretan skein away, but gave one of his own.[5] In sooth 't is clear that in antique days the troop of wise men had not such clear eyes. They were like Phœbus rising from the orient shore; he like Apollo shining at mid-day. They first like Tiphys[6] essayed the seas, but the bark scarce left the nearest shores; he discerning Pleiades and Hyades and all the stars, the Syrtes, and, Scylla, thy hounds, knows what is to be

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[1] *istaque non aciem fallit imago meam:* or 'if such a picture does not deceive my sight' (Cantor).

[2] The only mountain not covered in the flood.

[3] Understand *divas* 'goddesses' as *Heliconiadas* — *divas* follows. Cantor supplies *artes* from the second line above.

[4] i. e. pen.

[5] Alluding to the story of Ariadne and Theseus.

[6] The pilot of the Argo, according to one tradition the first man to sail a ship across the seas.

Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat æquore navem,
Certiùs et cursum nautica monstrat acus:
Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas;
Mortales illi, gignit at iste deas.
Palmam ideo reliquis *Magna Instauratio* libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
Et vestita novo *Pallas* modo prodit amictu
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
Sic *Phœnix* cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Æsonis et rediit prima iuventa senis.
Instaurata suos et sic *Verulamia* muros
Iactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.

Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat?
Dum sic naturæ leges, arcanaque regum,
Tanquam à secretis esset utrisque, canat;
Dum canat *Henricum*, qui rex idemque sacerdos,
Connubio stabili iunxit utramque rosam.

Atqui hæc sunt nostris longe maiora *Camœnis*,
Non hæc infælix *Granta*, sed *Aula* sciat:
Sed cum *Granta* labris admoverit ubera tantis
Ius habet in laudes (maxime alumne) tuas.
Ius habet, ut mœstos lacrymis extingueret ignes,
Posset ut è medio diripuisse rogo.
At nostræ tibi nulla ferrat encomia musæ,
Ipse canis, laudes, quâ possumus arte, canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

Th. Randolph, T. C.

shunned, and on what waters to guide the ship; for him more certainly the mariner's needle points the course. They begat infant Muses, he adult: they, mortal, but he goddesses. Therefore his *Magna Instauratio* snatched the palm from other books, and the sages, squalid throng, now slink away. Aye, even now Pallas steps forth, clad in new robe, as a snake glistens when he sloughs off his coat. Thus the new born Phœnix gazes on his paternal ashes; thus to old Aeson his pristine youth returns; thus too Verulam,[1] restored, disports its walls and hopes therefrom its ancient glory.

But how large shine his eyes, with glance more bright than that of a mortal, while he sings the sacred mysteries of the realm; while he so sings of Nature's laws and princes' secrets, as though he were privy councillor [2] of them both; while he sings of Henry, who king and priest as well, united in firm wedlock either rose.[3]

But such strains are by far too lofty for our Muse.[4] Let not unhappy Granta [5] know them, but the court.[6] But since Granta moved her breasts to lips so eminent, she hath a right, thou mighty fosterling, to thy praise. She hath a right to quench the melancholy fires with her tears, a right to snatch thee from the mid-pyre. Yet, after all, our Muse can bring thee no encomium; thou thyself art singer [7] and singest, there-

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[1] i. e. the Manor.

[2] *A secretis* = 'privy councillor' (Geheimrat) just as *ab epistulis* = 'scribe' — as Meurer (p. 111) well remarks.

[3] Alluding to Bacon's *History of Henry VII.*

[4] An unexpected touch of Horatian modesty (*C.* iii. 3, end).

[5] Another name for the Cam; here denotes the University of Cambridge.

[6] i. e. this touching lay is too sad a strain for Bacon's *alma mater:* let the court sing, let lamentation turn to eulogy.

[7] Not necessarily 'poet.' Bacon 'sings' the history of Henry VII. (v. nine lines above).

fore, thine own praise. Notwithstanding we will sing thy praise with whatsoever art we can: and if art fail, this grief will still be eulogy.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, T. C.
(*i. e.* OF TRINITY COLLEGE).

Italics in Latin text follow Blackbourne, *Works of Bacon*, London, 1730, vol. i. pp. 204–217.

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